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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

ADDRESS.

USAGE requires from us a few introductory words on the publication of this first number of a new volume: Words of promise they should be, for interest's sake—of gratitude they must be, if we speak from feeling—of congratulation they might well be, for the battle we have fought has been one of principle; and our readers, as we know by the kindness and active exertions of many, have taken a personal interest in our success. But in truth, the very consciousness of our triumph stifles in us all feelings of exultation; for we cannot but remember the many bold ventures that have heretofore been put forth on the same perilous voyage, "with all their tackle trim and bravery on," and suffered shipwreck,—without a humbling suspicion that to fortune and to favouring gales, rather than to extraordinary skill and seamanship, we are indebted for our gallant bearing. Our success has been more rapid and complete than any in the history of periodical literature. It is little more than the brief period of two years since the ATHENÆUM became the property of the present Proprietors. At the commencement of our career, a Contemporary Literary Journal professed, in the plenitude of its pride, that it enjoyed by many thousands the greatest circulation of any purely literary paper. "—we now are perfectly justified in making that statement our own, and in the very same words. For this, we dare claim no other merit than that of a resolved spirit, which steered right onwards through favourable and through adverse circumstances, "through good report and evil report," regardless of threats on the one hand, and of sycophantic promises on the other. To circumstances we acknowledge ourselves mainly indebted—the very failure of others served as a beacon-light to us—others too had prepared public opinion for our coming; they had exposed the double-dealing of the old system; and it needed no great philosophy to come to the conclusion, that there could be no community of interest between book-sellers and book-buyers. The giant which we had braced our nerves to encounter, turned out but an "unreal mockery," and, like the long buried dead which the curious have sometimes exhumed, it had apparently the form of living strength, but crumbled into ashes on exposure.

In return, however, for this unprecedented success, zeal and diligence on our part became a grateful duty, and we trust we have not been found wanting. Not only have we been the first to notice important works published in Great Britain, but France, Germany, and America have yielded tribute of their best; and we this day present our readers with a literary curiosity, a new and valuable work just published in Spain. It was the ATHENÆUM that first made known to English readers the delightful Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes—the pleasant papers in The Book of the Hundred and One—The Travels of a German Prince—Falck's Memoir of Goethe—Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau—Lafayette and the French Revolution—all subsequently translated and published in England. We believe, that altogether, not less than one thousand volumes will be found to have been reviewed by us in the year 1832. The Reports of Societies, exceeding in number one hundred and fifty, have been, we believe, generally satisfactory—some indeed are exclusive, and by authority. The Biographical Memoirs of such distinguished persons as have died during the year, including Scott, Crabbe, Mackintosh, Goethe, Say, Rémusat, Spurzheim, &c. have been contributed by men of such distinguished fame and reputation in the world of letters, that it would be affectation to utter a word respecting their spirit and worth. In Art, not less than one hundred and fifty works have been critically noticed. The Theatres, the Exhibitions, and other novelties have had their appropriate attention,—and even among the Miscellanea will be found much valuable information relating to Literature, Science and Art. We do not hesitate therefore to express, not an anxious hope, but the honest conviction, that the Volume for 1833, now concluded, contains a full and fair record for the period, of all that was of permanent interest to the informed and marching mind of the age—to say nothing of the grace and ornament superadded by the many Original Papers contributed by some of our most distinguished and successful writers.†

† Among the contributors whose names we are at liberty to publish, will be found, Allan Cunningham, Thomas Carlyle, the Ettrick Shepherd, Thomas Hood, Z. K. Heyrick, Mary Howitt, William Howitt, Richard Howitt, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Fletcher (late Miss Jewsbury), Charles Lamb, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Leitch Ritchie, the late William Roscoe, Thomas Roscoe, the late Percy

We will say but a word or two in the way of promise. We have not lost one friend or one contributor, from whom we have received literary or other aid in 1832; but we have gained both, and of fame and reputation that will add strength, moral and intellectual, to the chosen band; and if we do not qualify ourselves in January 1833, to speak of the *then* last year's volume of the ATHENÆUM, as we now speak of the one for 1832—let us "never more be trusted, for speaking false in this."

REVIEWS

Memorias de la Real Academia de la Historia (Transactions of the Royal Academy of History). Tomo VII. Madrid: Sancha.

THE Royal Spanish Academy of History has just published the seventh volume of its Transactions. This academy was established, to aid in illustrating the History of Spain: and it is but justice to acknowledge, that, hitherto, it has admirably fulfilled the purpose. The members have shown themselves worthy of the patronage they have received from the government, by their industry in collecting valuable historical documents, by the ability they have shown, in the number of memoirs already published on the obscure points and epochs of Spanish history, and by the excellent editions they have published of the old codes and chronicles.

The seventh volume contains five papers, one of them of great interest to Englishmen. The writer, the Canon Gonzalez, having been many years engaged in arranging the archives of the crown of Castile, fortunately discovered the diplomatic correspondence between Philip the Second and his ambassadors and agents in this country. Of course, such papers throw great light on the secret springs of action, and on the feelings and dispositions of the actors, in one of the most important periods of the history of both England and Spain; and the first part of the memoir now published, contains an account of the transactions and negotiations between the two Courts, from 1558 to 1576, illustrated by twenty-four original documents.

We shall make some translations from this interesting paper, and string them together after our own fashion. Our first will be an account of the proceedings of Philip at the time of the illness and death of Queen Mary.

"As soon as Philip heard that his queen was dangerously ill, he despatched his favourite, the Count of Feria, to London, where he arrived eight days before Queen Mary's death. She was already given over by her physicians; and the Count, according to his instructions, immediately assembled the Council, at which he attended, and seeing Mason there, who was known to be a favourite of Elizabeth, he told them, that his master anxiously desired that the right of succession should be declared in favour of Elizabeth; a declaration His Majesty so much desired, that he was of opinion it

ought to have been long since made; and he added in proof, that he had, in the name of his master, waited on Elizabeth, and assured her, that, as a good brother, His Majesty would employ all his good offices, in order that she might ascend the throne without those obstacles, which some of her enemies intended to oppose to her.

"On the 10th of November, six days before Queen Mary's death, the Count went to Hatfield to see Elizabeth, and he supped with her. He states, that after supper, amongst several other things, he tried to persuade her that the declaration of her right to the crown had not proceeded from the Queen or her counsellors, but the King his master. It appears, however, that he did not succeed, although Elizabeth acknowledged herself obliged to Philip, for the protection and friendship which he had heretofore shown her. The ambassador writes as follows—

"She is extremely proud and clever. * I am afraid that she will not act right in religious affairs, because she is much inclined to govern through men who are considered as heretics; and they say, that all the ladies who surround her are so. She is indignant at the treatment she has received during her sister's reign, and puts her trust in the good opinion of the nation, thinking that the people are all on her side (which is true enough); and she wishes it to be understood, that she owes her actual situation only to the people, and neither to your Majesty or the nobility. She is determined to govern herself, and not allow any one to direct her."

The particulars of the Count of Feria's exertions, to bring about a marriage between Philip and Elizabeth, are extremely interesting:—

"The Count had, it appears, received instructions from Philip, to prepare the way for a proposal of marriage between him and Elizabeth, in case of her sister's death. He was, however, unfortunate in this business, from the beginning. His first letter states, 'That Elizabeth mentioned to him, that Philip had been anxious that she would marry the Duke of Savoy; but that she knew too well that her sister lost her popularity by marrying a foreigner;' and speaking afterwards to Lord Paget on the same subject, his Lordship observed, 'That he was resolved not to interfere in such a business, because he had taken a part in bringing about the marriage between Queen Mary and Philip, and he repented of having done so.' This was before Mary's death; afterwards, it appears that the Count had great difficulty in introducing the subject, in consequence of the ill opinion entertained of his master; and he and his friends proposed to Philip, as an introductory step, to allow them to persuade the Queen and her council, that the ill-will which Queen Mary had shown towards her, had arisen from a feeling of jealousy, she thinking that Philip loved her sister better than herself. Philip, however, would not sanction this proceeding, and desired his ambassador not to assign any other reason for his proposal, but the interest of the two crowns; and at the same time ordered the Count to give to the new Queen, not only all her sister's jewels, but also a box filled with very valuable ones, belonging to himself, which he had left in Whitehall, and which Elizabeth accepted.

Brymley Shelley, the Author of 'The O'Hara Tales,' the Author of 'The Corn Law Rhymes,' the Author of 'The Hunchback,' the Author of 'The Rent Day,' the Author of 'Paul Pry,' the Author of 'The Bride's Tragedy,' the Author of 'Lives of the Italian Poets,' the Author of 'The History of the Civil Wars in Ireland,' the Author of 'London in the Olden Time,' and the Author of 'The Dominie's Legacy.'

"Though the Count himself never entertained any sanguine hopes of success, in this negotiation for a marriage, there was a time, in which he saw that Elizabeth's most confidential friends, for various political reasons, were inclined to favour it. This was at the beginning of 1559, and in consequence, Philip sent a letter to the Count, desiring him to make the proposal openly, telling him, 'That putting aside many obstacles and weighty objections, he had resolved to marry Elizabeth, upon the following conditions:—That she must abjure all errors in matters of religion, and turn Catholic, if she were not so: That she must, secretly if she pleased, ask absolution and dispensation from the Pope: That he must not be required to reside in England longer than he could with convenience; and that he could not now, as on his marriage with Mary, stipulate, that the first born should inherit the Low Countries.' He also directs the Count to make the proposal, by word of mouth, to the Queen herself, and not by writing; and he tells him, that it is not necessary to keep the matter secret, because it is no disgrace to ask a lady in marriage, and be rejected; and even though his dignity and authority might suffer by a refusal, he had determined not to take notice of it, since he makes the proposal only for the honour of God and the good of religion."

"In consequence of these instructions, the Count made the proposal direct to the Queen, and he reports that it was well received; but that the Queen stated, 'That she must consult her Parliament on the subject,' adding, 'that the Catholic King might rest assured, that should she resolve to marry, he would be preferred to any other.' Philip was delighted with this answer, and he wrote to Elizabeth, to assure her of his friendship, and of the interest he took in the success of the affair, of which the Count had spoken to her."

"As soon as the members of the Council suspected that the Queen was inclined to marry Philip, they endeavoured by every means to dissuade her. In the meantime, the Parliament had been assembled, and it had been there proposed to change the religion, and to repeal the laws promulgated in Queen Mary's time upon the subject. Philip was greatly hurt on hearing this, and wrote immediately to the Count, directing him to wait on Elizabeth, and personally to represent to her the ill consequences of the projected change in matters of religion, and he concludes by desiring him to inform her, unequivocally, that if persevered in, it was useless to treat about the marriage. The Count did as he was ordered; and Elizabeth replied, that she thought it would be better to remain single, for she had a great scruple about asking a dispensation from the Pope."

"Philip was greatly displeased with this answer, but he was politic enough to conceal it, and wrote to Elizabeth, telling her that, although he regretted not having succeeded in what he so much desired, and what he believed was so desirable for the public good, he was nevertheless satisfied and content, since she thought that a firm friendship would produce the same beneficial effects."

"A very short time after, when it was known that Philip was about to be married to a French princess, Elizabeth was, in her turn, offended, and told the Count, that his master could not have been very much in love with her, when he had not patience to wait even four months. The Count replied, that she only was to blame, which she denied, telling him, that it had been his master's fault, for she had never given a definitive answer. The Count replied, that it was true, the negative had been indirect, but he had not thought proper to bring her to the point of giving a direct refusal, in order not to produce animosity between two such great princes."

Elizabeth's friendship for Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, forms a prominent subject in many of the letters. We shall translate some interesting passages referring to it:—

"The Ambassador Feria writes, in 1559, that the favour enjoyed by Lord Robert was so great, that it was rumoured in London that the Queen would marry him as soon as Lady Robert, who was ill, died. The year after, he reports, that the Queen had publicly declared, that she was about to be married; and, as Lady Robert had died a short time before, it was generally believed that she would marry Lord Robert. He adds, that it was rumoured in London that Lady Robert had been murdered, and that the Secretary Cecil and the Duke of Norfolk had had some difference with the Queen in consequence of her conduct towards Lord Robert."

"In the beginning of 1561, the rumours respecting the connexion between Elizabeth and Lord Robert, were so general, that the Queen herself spoke on the subject to the Ambassador Cuadra, and taking him to her chamber, showed him her sleeping-room, to prove that such rumours were mere calumnies. At that time, Lord Robert tried to gain the good-will of the Ambassador, and sent presents to Philip. He, indeed, at last succeeded in prevailing on Cuadra to speak to the Queen and recommend her to marry Lord Robert. The Queen answered, that she wished to know how his master would like such a marriage. Lord Robert then tried to persuade Philip, that his marriage with the Queen would be serviceable to religion itself, all affairs relating to which might then be settled in the Council about to be called by the Pope, and that if it were thought advisable, he would personally attend the Council. Shortly after, the Ambassador wrote, that the Queen had made Lord Robert change his apartments in the palace from the ground floor, where he heretofore lived, to the first floor where she now resided, assigning, as a reason, that the ground floor was unhealthy."

"Mr. Sidney, brother-in-law to Lord Robert, was now employed by him to prevail on Philip to advise Elizabeth to marry him. Philip, however, answered, that he could not interfere in such a business, unless the Queen sent a special Ambassador to propose it to him. At the beginning of 1562, the Ambassador reports, that Lord Robert was exerting himself in every possible way to induce him to write to his master and prevail on the King to persuade Elizabeth that it would be convenient and serviceable if she would marry him as soon as possible; and, at the end of April, he states, that several peers had presented a petition to the Queen, advising her to marry immediately, and proposing Lord Robert."

"In 1564, when Lord Robert was Earl of Leicester, he tried to persuade the Ambassador Silva, that he was much inclined to favour the Catholics, thinking that it would win over Philip, and induce him to use his influence with the Queen, and forward the marriage. The Ambassador, however, on making the communication, adds, that it was well known that the Queen did not think of marrying the Earl, and a few days after, he says, that the Queen herself had given him to understand so."

The affairs of religion form the principal subject in the Ambassador's letters, and it is amusing to see Philip's anxiety to persuade Elizabeth to favour the Catholic religion, and her tact in getting rid of his importunities. In one letter the Ambassador Feria writes, that, according to the instructions of his master, he had had a long and private conference with Elizabeth, in which he advised her not to make any change in religion, but to leave all things relating thereto as

they were at the death of her sister. To his advice and entreaties, Elizabeth answers, that "she was resolved to have the Augsburg confession observed throughout her kingdom, or something like it; that, for herself, she differed little from the Catholics, for she believed, that God was in the sacramental bread, but she disliked three or four things in the mass, and was of opinion that she could be saved as well as the Bishop of Rome."

We shall next week present our readers with a curious and valuable document preserved in this Memoir, being a list of the whole Royal and Mercantile Navy of England, in 1558, with the amount of tonnage and number of the crews.

America, and the Americans. By a Citizen of the World. London: Longman & Co.

"Citizen of the World" was, we suppose, considered as a good travelling name, for instead of being one of that equivocal generation, the writer of this work is a hearty, honest Englishman, who makes friends wherever he goes, and speaks openly and candidly: that he is mistaken in some of his heroes is evident enough—but delusions abound; Titania caressed the weaver with an ass's head on, and thought him lovely, and hung garlands of flowers over his long ears. Of the writer's hopes that, in the last revolution, the French armies, obeying the voice of the nation, would have marched to the deliverance of Europe, and planted "the Tree of Liberty in the capital of every despot from Lisbon to the confines of Asia," we shall say nothing: many of our readers are old enough to recollect an experiment of that kind made in the first revolution, and what it ended in. We have, however, few other faults to find with the author; we only lament that he did not come before us sooner: tours in America have occupied our attention a good deal of late; but we can always find room for what is original or striking. In the year 1829, the author, accompanied by his wife—a lady whose wit must have made his way pleasant—landed in America, and as he did not go to find fault, he found much that was agreeable:—

"My first impressions, on landing in New York,—and they were subsequently confirmed,—were the high character and appearance of the working classes; for excepting a few of the black porters, or *niggers*, as they are vulgarly called, the remnants of slavery, there was a total absence, not only of mendicants in rags and filth, but likewise of the class we designate mob or rabble."

"The carters, workmen, and others, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, appeared extremely well clothed; were intelligent; and, if addressed civilly, were civil in return; yet without any doffing, or even touching the hat, or making the slightest approaches to servility to those who, according to English phraseology, would be styled their betters."

"All exhibited an independence of feeling not observable in the same classes of society in England; and yet nothing like insolent vulgarity was apparent. In short, they looked like men who knew they were free; but who knew also how to enjoy freedom."

The writer's republican feelings were not

+ *Augustana* in the original. We presume the Augsburg confession must be referred to. Augsburg was formerly called *Augusta Vindelicorum*.

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offended by the sight of liveried lacqueys following in the wake of one of the

Tenth transmitters of a foolish face.

"Amidst the crowd of vehicles which throng the Regent-street of the city, I looked in vain for anything like state: no bedizened livery servants or powdered menials, receiving their mistresses' commands, with one hand raised to an enormous cocked hat, whilst the other grasps a gold-headed cane, large enough for a drum-major's staff."

We have heard often enough, and with pretty considerable exaggeration, of the repugnance which the young women of America have to a state of servitude—it seems the bond-women of New York are chiefly Irish or Africans:—

"Mechanics pay twelve shillings per week for their board; and, from what fell under my own observation, as well as what I learnt from individuals of that class, they have value received; their tables not lacking beef-steaks, and other dishes equally substantial, three times a day. As Americans will not be servants, the domestics in all these establishments, and in private houses, are either blacks, or coloured persons—as all the intermediate shades between the former and white are designated—and Irish.

"The blacks are styled servants, and appear a civil, good-tempered, happy race. They perform their duties better or worse, according to the treatment they experience from their employers, and the previous advantages they have possessed. The men show great tact in acquiring a genteel address. As to the fair daughters of the Emerald Isle, they being almost all the poorest description of emigrants, it will not be expected that previous education had done much for them in household matters. They do not allow themselves to be called servants, but prefer the American term, help; and knowing full well that they are in the land of freedom, and that the obligations of mistress and servant are mutual, they do as they please, and go where they please. It is no uncommon thing for these damsels to be requested to remain at home on Sunday afternoon, should their services be particularly required. They fall into the American habits of dress with great ease, and soon doff their humble caps for Parisian hats and flowers; which, by the bye, they can well afford to purchase, as they receive from twelve to sixteen pounds sterling a year wages."

The City Hall of New York is adorned with a full length portrait of the Great Washington: his memory is everywhere revered; whatever he touched is held in respect.

"The great object of attraction, however, in this room, is the identical chair in which the Liberator sat, when inaugurated as the first President of this great republic.

"Although this precious relic is merely an old-fashioned mahogany sofa chair covered with red morine, yet the associations connected with it, are such as to give it an indescribable degree of interest; and, in my eyes, it was worth all the bespangled and gewgawed thrones in Christendom, the venerable worm-eaten gothic chair of our own Westminster Abbey into the bargain. The banner which waved over the head of the illustrious president on the glorious occasion alluded to, and which may be not improperly styled the American Oriflamme, is suspended on the wall, with an inscription over it in letters of gold."

The author has said little about American literature: he gives us, however, a sketch of the preaching and person of the celebrated Dr. Channing, which we are thankful for:—

"In these discourses he displayed much in-

genious speculation on a future state; arguing in favour of the doctrine of the soul's immortality, even from reason; 'because,' said the reverend preacher, 'nothing in nature is annihilated. Everything, upon decay, resolves itself into new combinations; therefore, why should mind be an exception?'

"He rejected the doctrine of a local hell, substituting the idea of the stings of conscience tormenting us. Upon the subject of the atonement, the reverend orator attacked the orthodox notion of the redemption of mankind by the act of shedding the blood of Christ. He considered, that Christ dying for us, and saving us by his blood, was to be understood in the light of a most virtuous teacher, setting a perfect example, and falling a martyr for his principles, 'just as we Americans,' said he most eloquently, 'are saved by the blood of our patriot forefathers, who died for us.'

"Dr. Channing is in person slender, and of a delicate constitution, although his voice is sufficiently powerful. His manner in the pulpit is exceedingly engaging and impressive, riveting the attention of his hearers; his style of thinking and mode of illustration, display much originality; and when he happened to touch a chord, as, in alluding to those who fought for the liberties of his country, the effect was electrical."

There is not much said about art; the following bit will be interesting to some:—

"The Academy of the Fine Arts contains a selection of casts from the antique; but I am grieved to record that they were so mutilated and disfigured, as even to render them improper to be exhibited in the presence of females. This remark also applies to some paintings from the frescoes found in Herculaneum, and presented to the Academy by Napoleon when First Consul. That wonderful personage made a further splendid donation to the Academy in a copy of Piranesi's works, accompanied with an autograph letter, which, to the credit of those concerned, has been framed, and is hung in the same room where the volumes are deposited. The hand-writing is rather difficult to decipher, yet more legible than some documents which I have examined, written by the same illustrious man at a later period of his too short life."

Speculators in villages and cities continue to give high-sounding names to the huts which they raise on their locations; purchasers like such titles; when our author penetrated farther into America, he found classic names in abundance:—

"We passed among a succession of places of minor importance,—Rome, Syracuse, Canton, Jordan, Byron, Montezuma, Lyons, and Palmyra; all flourishing villages, but bearing no more resemblance to the original cities from which several derive their titles, than the meanest hovel to Windsor Castle.

"They are chiefly built of wood, and the edifices painted white, or often yellow; and the churches have cupolas or spires of the same material, with green Venetian blinds, or weather-boards, in the steeple windows; all looking very neat, certainly, but at the same time most unpicturesque."

The only notice which we have seen of a very noble work of art—made in London and erected in Boston—is in the pages of this Citizen of the World:—

"The first object of our curiosity was the statue of Washington, by the Phidias of the British school of sculpture, Chantrey.

"This grand work of art, which is partially known to the public through the medium of engravings, ornaments the new State House, an edifice of large dimensions, and of handsome architecture. It is judiciously placed in a recess lighted from above; and is seen as approached

from the grand entrance of the mansion. This greatest of modern heroes is represented standing, enveloped in an ample robe, and holding in one hand a scroll. Those parts of the figure not concealed by drapery, display a modification of modern costume. Without presuming to cavil at this deviation from the antique, such is the conception and execution of this beautiful statue, that independent of the association of ideas, the spectator stands in silent admiration but indulging in such, the effect is sublime."

The grave of the father and mother of the illustrious Franklin, is in a cemetery contiguous to Tremont House, Boston; the following inscription is on their tombstone:—

"HERE LIE

JOSIAS FRANKLIN AND ABIAH HIS WIFE;

They lived together with reciprocal affection for fifty-nine years: and without private fortune, without lucrative employment, by assiduous labour and honest industry, decently supported a numerous family, and educated, with success, thirteen children, and seven grandchildren. Let this example, reader, encourage thee diligently to discharge the duties of thy calling, and to rely on the support of Divine Providence.

He was pious and prudent,

She discreet and virtuous.

Their youngest son, from a sentiment of filial duty, consecrates this stone to their memory."

Our traveller not only dislikes the sight of domestic slavery, which the wisest and best of the Americans are striving to abolish, but he lifts up his voice with an honest warmth against it on many occasions:—

"The newspapers of the metropolis of free America are regularly disgraced by the insertion of the most revolting advertisements of runaway slaves to be sold by auction; of gangs of men, women, and children on sale for cash or credit—parents without their offspring, and brothers and sisters together or separate;—all which abominations, strange to relate, are countenanced under the very eyes of the champions of the rights of man, and in the presence of the standard of liberty. During the five weeks of our sojourn in Washington, several unfortunate runaways were thus disposed of to pay the expenses of their detention in gaol; all of whom, as I heard, were bought, by the dealers in human flesh, for the southern markets."

There are many passages of interest to the commercial as well as the general reader, scattered about this volume. The author seems an honest and conscientious man: he spins no long mystical speculations; he indulges in no tiresome gossipings or tedious details; he is not nervous at being called a "boss," nor sensitive in the matter of gradations of rank. He has other good qualities: he can drink any liquor that is wholesome; he can eat any food that is clean; he can lie on any bed providing it be long enough; and he cares not whether the landlord of his inn be a private in the militia or a general of brigade, and he found both. His wife, too, seems to have liked the land and people as much as her husband, and probably we owe some of the good humour of the book to her society.

The Life and Works of Lord Byron. Vol. XIII. London: Murray.

The advertisement to this new volume has given us much pleasure. "While," says the editor, "the Notices of Lord Byron's life were, for the second time, passing through the press, it was suggested to the publisher, that the time was come when the public had a

right to look for such notes and illustrations to Lord Byron's text as are usually appended to the pages of a deceased author of established and permanent popularity. This suggestion was acted upon, and its adoption has apparently given general satisfaction. These additions will extend the work to seventeen volumes, the last of which will include a very copious and careful index to the whole collection." We know that new fountains of intelligence have been opened to the editor; letters of the noble poet communicated; illustrations of impressive or dark passages furnished; critical opinions collected: and such a mass of important matter, illustrative and explanatory, gathered together, as will give the remaining volumes a fresh interest, and render them probably the most important of the whole work. It is well known, that many of the poet's most confidential letters were addressed to Douglas Kinnaird, and others; and it is to be hoped, that a few of these, which throw light on his life or on his works, will find their way into the concluding volumes. Some of these we happen to know are equal to anything he ever wrote, and have much of every mood in which he has appeared. In them, his fine imagination will be seen in its latest flight, and his sarcastic and sometimes kindly vehemence of nature will be found in full action.

The present volume contains—1. Heaven and Earth, a Mystery: 2. Sardanapalus: 3. The Two Foscari: and 4. The Deformed Transformed. There are few variations of the text; but the notes are numerous, and come from the pens of some of the finest judges of the age—Wilson, Jeffrey, Campbell, Milman, Heber, Croly, and others equally eminent. The finest and truest criticism is contained in the passages from Wilson: Jeffrey has more smartness, and less nature; more point, and not so much feeling; Hogg, too, is brought in as a commentator, and we think, with great success. On that passage in Sardanapalus, where he is accused of wronging the queen, by sharing his affections with another, the Ettrick Shepherd pithily remarks, "In many parts of this play it strikes me that Lord Byron has more in his eye the case of a sinful Christian than has but one wife, and a sly business or so, which she and her kin do not approve of, than a bearded Oriental like Sardanapalus, with three hundred wives, and seven hundred concubines." This tragedy we have always considered the finest dramatic effort of the poet: the 'Manfred' has less of nature in it, and the crime of the chief character touches the reader, and makes him shudder. The 'Deformed Transformed' is vigorous in its delineation, but repulsive, from its utter improbability, and being out of keeping with superstitious belief. The subject was a favourite with Byron. "I do not think," says Mrs. Shelley, "that he altered a line in this drama after he had once written it down. He composed and corrected it in his mind. I do not know how he meant to finish it: but he said himself, that the whole conduct of the story was already conceived. It was at this time that a brutal paragraph, alluding to his lameness, appeared, which he repeated to me, lest I should hear it first from some one else. No action of Lord Byron's life—scarce a line he has written, but was influenced by his personal defect."

The Mother's Story Book: or, Western Coronel. By Mrs. Child. London: Tegg.

We have, we believe, written Mrs. Child into something like a European reputation. Since our first notice of her, and the consequent demand for her works, every scrap she is known to have written seems to have been gathered together, and in one shape or another offered to the public. We have now before us a new volume with her name to it, eked out with pleasant additions by Mary Howitt and Caroline Fry. It is said to be "with few exceptions" reprinted from the American edition. We know not how this may be, but there is a want of coherence and connexion in the work, and some of the papers are not much to our mind. The best, as is always the case with American writers, have their localities on that great continent, and are doubly valuable to us Europeans. We have so often commended Mrs. Child, and so rarely given extracts from her works, that we have determined on this occasion to extract one of her stories entire.

The Lone Indian.

"Powontonomo was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam; and he leaped along the chase like the untiring waves of Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming-bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his sinewy arms, and shout, 'Look, Eagle-eye, look! and see the big hunting-grounds of the Mohawks! Powontonomo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they will not speak loud; but as if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder.'

"The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonomo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them. But he treated them all with the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonsetah raise her long dark eyelash. Then his heart melted beneath the beaming glance of beauty. Soonsetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight, graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up, and shake off its dew-drops, after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, 'Soonsetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?' When they offered her food, according to the Indian custom, her answer was, 'Soonsetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest.' The hunters told the young Eagle, that Sunny-eye of Oneida was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonomo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle, and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads

and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war song. If there was vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonsetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should sit beside her, till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness. She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near her; but when he said, 'Will the Sunny-eye look on the gift of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe; the colour on her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, 'The furs of Powontonomo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonsetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle.' The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food; and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

"There was feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powontonomo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deer of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully, and said, 'The moose and the beaver will not live within sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail.' But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, 'The land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it.' Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe levelling the old trees of his forests. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had perchance done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

"One day he left his home before the gray mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonomo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonsetah; he did not speak to her boy; but, silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, 'Why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soonsetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?' Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered, 'The Eagle has taken a snake to his nest: how can his young sleep in it?' The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

"The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. 'The Great Spirit bless thee! the Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!' he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

"Two hours he remained in the open air; but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees under which he had frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared to call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where were his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they had joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brethren, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around the dying. 'It is the work of the Great Spirit,' said he. 'The Englishman's God made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail.'

"When Powontonomo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

"The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. 'Powow,' said he, 'your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much.' It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence. 'Listen, buffalo-head!' shouted he; and as he spoke he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake. 'Listen to the Chief of the Mohawks! These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Abnauquis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man stuck you then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning! Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Ongeida ask the pale face for a basket?' He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

"After that, his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonsetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of the Ongeidas, and persuade them to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonomo replied, 'This is the burial place of my fathers;' and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

"At last, their boy sickened and died, of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. 'He must lie near the water,' said the desolate chief, 'else the white man's horses will tread on him.'

"The young mother did not weep; but her heart had received its death wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning Powontonomo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. 'Will Soonsetah eat?' said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other had grasped the beads which the young Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was rung from the bosom of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonsetah towards the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people. * * *

A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

"The next day, a tree which Soonsetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the loose stones, and Powontonomo carefully twined it around the tree. 'The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks,' he said; 'and now the Sunny-eye has her arms around him.' He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue; but there was none to answer. 'Yes, Powontonomo will go home,' sighed he. 'He will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it.' One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers. * * *

"For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but, just thirty years after the death of Soonsetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonomo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak, which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas! the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of

moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. 'Yes,' said he, 'the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on. The leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks.'

"A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. 'The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home,' said he. 'Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!' As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. 'The pale face may like it,' murmured he; but an Indian cannot die here in peace.' So saying, he broke his bow-string, snapped his arrows, threw them on the burial-place of his fathers, and departed for ever. * * *

"None ever knew where Powontonomo laid his dying head. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off towards the rising sun; that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother; and the wolves of the desert, long ere this, may have howled the death-song of the Mohawk Eagle. * * *

This will give the reader a good idea of Mrs. Child's style and manner of story-telling; and they can now judge for themselves of her Story Book.

Recollections of a Chaperon. Edited by Lady Dacre. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

We had, in sporting phrase, at the close of the year fairly run down the publishers: not a new book,—new, we mean, to the readers of the *Athenæum*,—was to be found in all London. We have, indeed, had brave sport lately with early and unpublished works. The *Memoirs of Sir William Penn—Wacousta—The Ghost-hunter and his Family—and Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade*—were all last week given *exclusively* in the *Athenæum*. We ought, perhaps, to have been more provident, and "bagged" an occasional volume for a dull day. At this last moment, however, some new works have been received—Burnet's *Lives*, &c. edited by John Bishop of Limerick—A New Translation of the *Inferno* of Dante, by J. C. Wright—The *Life of Dr. Adam Clarke—Recollections of a Chaperon*, edited by Lady Dacre—and, from Paris, the seventh and eighth volumes of the *Memoirs of Louis XVIII.* Some of these require more attentive examination than can be now given them—the *Memoirs* our readers would not think worth the trouble of translation, after our exposure in November last of the fraud in which they have been connected, and the subsequent masterly dissection they have received in the *Quarterly*. Into the 'Recollections of a Chaperon' we have dipped here and there, and they pro-

mise well. We shall not, however, hazard an opinion this week, but, as a specimen of the style, give the writer's very pleasant introductory chapter.

"I was left a widow with seven daughters. I have married them all, or rather, I have let them marry themselves; for I never took any active measures towards bringing about a result which I own to be a desirable one in a family consisting of seven daughters and one son.

"I have seen manœuvring mothers succeed; but I have as often seen them fail in their matrimonial speculations. I have seen dignified mothers with modest daughters, pass year after year, unnoticed and unsought; but I have also seen the unobtrusive daughters of retiring mothers form splendid alliances; and at the very beginning of my career as a Chaperon, I came to the conclusion that, as there was no rule which could ensure success, it was safer and more respectable to do too little than to do too much; better simply to fail, than to fail and to be ridiculous at the same time.

"Accordingly, when I had mounted my feathered hat and black velvet gown, or my white satin gown and flowered cap, as the occasion might require, and patiently taken my station upon the chair, seat, or bench which I could most conveniently appropriate to myself, I beguiled the weary hours by studying those around me, trusting for the rest to chance, and to the principles which I had endeavoured to impress upon the minds of my girls; viz. not to flirt so as to attract attention,—not to think too highly of their own pretensions,—and above all, not to be betrayed into laughing at any man before they knew him, by which means more than one girl of my acquaintance has been obliged, for consistency's sake, to repulse a person whom, upon further acquaintance, she might have sincerely preferred.

"My daughters were not beautiful enough, nor did they marry brilliantly enough, to excite the jealousy of other mothers. I had brought them up to avoid a fault odious in all, but especially so in the young, that of being more ready to perceive the failings than the merits of their companions: we were, therefore, a popular family. I had myself the happy knack of being interested in the concerns and distresses of others, and I listened with pleasure to details however trifling: I had consequently many intimate friends.

"As people never were afraid of me, transient emotions, and harmless weaknesses, which would have been concealed from a sterner, cleverer, or more important personage, were confessed, or, at all events, permitted to escape in a *tête-à-tête* with the good-natured, quiet, inoffensive Mrs. —. But what am I doing? I wish to preserve my incog, and only hope I have not already betrayed myself by the mention of my white satin and my black velvet gowns.

"I will write no more, lest some unguarded expression should give a clue to my name: I will simply add, that my last daughter having been comfortably established a year ago, 'Othello's occupation is gone,' and my purse being somewhat drained by the purchase of so many *trousseaux*, I have occupied my leisure, and, I trust, shall recruit my finances, by portraying characters and feelings which I believe are true to nature, although under circumstances and in situations not founded on fact."

Next week, it will be seen, has good promise in it, and we expect some volumes not here referred to.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Annual Biography and Obituary, 1833.*'—This is a useful work; the author gathers together the scattered testimonials to the memories of men of genius and station, which are to

be found in our magazines and newspapers, and adding a few words of his own, prints them for the benefit of future biographers. There are twenty-seven memoirs, contained in this volume; of great men, we have Scott and Crabbe, Mackintosh and Bentham; of lesser spirits, Liverseege, Walsh, Anna Maria Porter, and Leslie. The biography of Crabbe is taken, chiefly, from the *New Monthly Magazine* and the *Athenæum*, and that of Scott, from the account of Chambers. The author indulges in few opinions of his own, and hazards no ingenious speculations, either upon men's actions or talents.

'*The Georgian Era*,' Vol. II.—This well condensed and beautifully printed volume contains more than five hundred memoirs of military and naval commanders, of judges and barristers, or of physicians and surgeons. The first volume was well received, and the present appears to us equally deserving of success. It is an excellent work for those who are obliged to husband their resources, and can rarely indulge in library purchases. It contains an immense quantity of information, and of pleasant reading. We, however, miss the medallion portraits.

'*Sermons*, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing.'—The reverend author is favourably known to the world, through his *Lives of the Italian Poets*. The present volume contains twenty-two sermons, some of which are eloquent and convincing, and all are touched with the ardent and enthusiastic spirit of the author. We think, that, next to preaching the sermons themselves, the wisest thing he could do was to publish them; they cannot fail to be acceptable to his flock, and to a far wider circle.

'*Memoir on the Pearly Nautilus*, (Nautilus *Pompilius*, Linn.) with *Illustrations of its External Form and Internal Structure*, drawn up by Richard Owen, Esq.'—A minute and highly interesting description of an animal little known, and which, from its peculiar organization, deserves the attention of the naturalists. The specimen dissected by Mr. Owen, was brought to this country by Mr. Bennett, who kindly favoured us with the many interesting extracts from his MS. Journal, which appeared last year in this paper—[see the *Index*].

'*The Wandering Bard, and other Poems.*'—True poetry is not a profusion of glowing words: there must be order, there must be sentiment, and, moreover, there must be an aim, else all is vain, profitless, and nonsensical. The author of the 'Wandering Bard' has poured out many fine words, nay, beautiful lines; but he is too wild, wandering, and unsettled, for our taste. If he would sit patiently down and ponder a little on a subject, before he begins to fashion it into verse, he would sing more to our satisfaction as well as his own advantage.

'*Gospel Stories.*'—This, says the author, is an attempt to render the chief events of the life of our Saviour intelligible and profitable to young children. The style is plain and simple; all the chief events in the New Testament, and the remarkable sayings of our Saviour and his Apostles, are touched upon.

'*The History of the Late War.*'—This is a clever little gossiping account of the late war, with sketches of the Lives of Napoleon, Nelson, and Wellington, from the hand of the Editor of the *Quarterly*. It is intended for children; but children of a larger growth may derive both amusement and information from it.

'*Garry Owen*; or, the *Snow Woman and Poor Bob the Chimney Sweep.*'—Tales by Miss Edgeworth are sure to be welcome to young people, and we have no doubt this will be among their treasured volumes. 'Garry Owen' was originally published in one of the *Annals*—we think in the *Christmas Box* for 1829.

'*Maternal Advice chiefly to Daughters on leaving Home.*'—A companion volume to a Lilliputian one, we made mention of some time since

compiled with the same care, and got up with the same elegance.

'*Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Brighton, Worthing, &c.*'—There are well written descriptions and well engraved scenes in this little pocket companion; and all who desire to get acquainted with the chief watering-places of England, may do so now, and that for a small sum.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

On Music being played in the Palace at Antwerp at Night during the Siege.

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

CEASE, cease, those festal and triumphal tones—
There is an echo of long-deepening groans
Upon the winds of mournful midnight borne—
But ill it suits with brattling tromp and horn.

Low sounds of death accost the startled ear;
Distract them not—they claim one pitying tear:
Oh, hush the music in the Royal Hall,
Let it sink slow in many a dying fall.

The brave!—with foreheads ploughed and
bosoms gored,

Turn from their old companions of the sword!—
Their brethren of the battle!—turn and weep—
Whilst through their hearts some unknown ter-
rors creep.

Silence those soul-bewildering harmonies!
Hark! heard ye not their low and smothered
cries?—

Their heart's best blood they poured for scepter-
ed state,
Some empty pomps—let that for them abate.

There, on their narrow pallets stretched, they lie,
Each pulse, with quivering tortures throbbing
high,
Till in one agony—the deadliest—last—
A thousand agonies have fiercely past.

May still small whispers chase th' impending
gloom,

And all the horrors that surround their doom,—
Horror's homicidal service owned—
Now be they banished, cancelled, and atoned!

Hushed—hushed are now th' artillery-hurri-
cane.

Be silenced too, th' afar-resounding strains,
That cheer the soldier in the savage strife,
But soothe not his last lingering hour of life.

Perchance his fevered fancy may rejoice
In the soft accents of some well known voice:
Still let them bless the fondly-dreaming ear—
Far sweeter than all music, joy can hear!

Be silenced then the stormy-rolling drum.
The stars, the holy stars of midnight come,
And, shrinking from those glad unholy sounds,
Weep tears of light on yon red battle-grounds.

Meek Hope, o'er these dread hours shed down,
like balm,

Thy melancholy—thine adoring calm;
While slow they roll—loaded with night and
death!

Though winged from yon proud dome on music's
breath!

NEW YEAR'S MORNING—IN THE NORTH
COUNTRY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY.'
Hog-ma-day,
Troil-let-lay,

Gies mickle o' your white bread and little o' your grey;
For the morrow when it comes, will be new-year's-day.

— "Thank heaven I have got rid of
you all!"—thus my old pupil began his tale
—he then being domiciled in an upper cham-
ber in the old Gorbals of Glasgow. "Thank
heaven you are gone at last!" said I, shutting

my door hastily after the departure of my Hogmanay friends—"You thought to keep me from my new year's morning's intent,—but I'll be upside with you. As soon as twelve o'clock strikes, my hand shall be on the knocker of Mr. Menzies' door, and I'll be Jessy Menzies' first-foot in spite of the very ——" 'Tis now beyond eleven o'clock, and I need not start till half past. If I am first, I'm sure to see her, perhaps alone. I have ten minutes good to spare, so I'll just sit here and meditate on happy days to come, and the fair face and leal heart of bonnie Jessy Menzies.

Surely the night is very still, and the ten minutes are very long. *Tick—tick—tick.* This is not like a reasonable Hogmanay night! I can hear the roar of the Clyde waters, as if they ran under my very window; and the voices of the fresh-water sailors at the Broomielaw come over my ear with melancholy monotony; as if they were singing out a requiem for the year that's now fast dying out in this dead silence. Lovely Jessy Menzies! Sweet, honey-mouthed, Jessy Menzies!

What is dreaming? Or rather, what is reality? Often we ask whether reality is not a dream. Certainly we never suspect a dream to be other than reality. I saw Jessy contemplatively leaning over me. I felt her soft ringlets sweep across my brow. I could almost feel her breath, warm, on my cheek. Then we were sitting together somewhere in a large assembly. Her arm was linked in mine; and we whispered together behind backs so deliciously. No one saw us, and she was giving me all her confidence. She assured me that my rival, William Watson, had no place in her affections—"See!" she cried, "see!" I looked, and saw him dancing gaily with another maiden. But he turned—his eye caught mine. He sprang upon me—the whole assembly sprang upon me and upon Jessy Menzies—I bounded up!

Heavens, have I been sleeping! By St. Kertigern 'tis already within five minutes of twelve o'clock. 'Tis half an hour's good walking to Mr. Menzies' house, above the old Cathedral; and I shall not be Jessy's first-foot after all. If Watson is there before me, and gets the new-year's kiss of my Jessy, I shall break my brandy-bottle or my neck! I shall drown myself in the Molindinar Burn, like a true, true lover!

The bottle, however, was all ready, full to the cork; and the thick currant-cake, and the little bit of short-bread for the old lady, and the small bottle of Jamaica shrub, to coax Jessy herself—for the brandy was too strong for her, the dear, sweet, cherry-lipped creature! Perhaps I might get before William Watson yet, if I only ran fast enough, as fast as first-foots generally do, on a new year's morning.

In two minutes all was in my pockets, and I was already on the old bridge of Glasgow, where Rob Roy and Francis Osbaldiston met at midnight, if all tales be true that are set down in black print. The night was yet as still as if the new year was not about to commence, and the Clyde murmured as softly below me under the arches of the bridge, as if there was no difference between time gone and time not yet born, and all the events that the new year was to bring forth. I ran towards Stockwell Street as if I had been chased. I had not well set foot on it, till the

first stroke of the decisive hour had broken upon the ear of midnight, from the several steeples of the city. Still all was silent, except the clang of the numerous bells which rung out the knell of the old year, as if echo itself were anxious to prolong its stay, and dwelt with regret on the events of the past. No sooner, however, had the last stroke been struck upon the great bell of the Tron steeple, than the air rung with the booming halloo! of a thousand voices set up on the instant from all parts of the city, as the watchful bottle-carriers hailed the first minute of the new year. Compared with the preceding silence, the effect of this simultaneous shout was at first almost startling; but after a moment, the voices became so scattered and subdued by distance throughout the far off streets, and the murmur was so mixed and continuous in its variations, that when the music bells at the cross began next to ring out a merry chime, to add to the newly raised echoes of midnight, the whole was exhilarating—exciting—I thought it even poetical.

Arriving at the main thoroughfare of the city, I threw my eye down the whole sweep of Trongate and Argyle Streets, whose brilliant lines of lamps extended above a mile one way and nearly as much the other, and perceived that although not a single vehicle was to be seen in the centre of the wide street, the footways on each side were crowded with young persons of both sexes, running with their bottles and fruit cakes, eager like myself to be first in their friends' houses, to wish them good fortune and happiness in the new year. Happy was he who was really "first-foot," and was supposed to bring luck and good-will with him; coming as he did full handed, and carrying the offering of the enlivening morning dram and the rich currant "bun," generally partaken of in bed, by those who are usually "knocked up" on this merry occasion. I had not time to think of the origin of this singular custom, practised no where else that I know of, save in auld Scotland; nor could I now enjoy the hilarity and fun that I witnessed around me, from eagerness to be myself the first to enter the house of my beloved Jessy Menzies. I pushed forward through the joyous crowd, among which were numbers of spirited young women, who, with bottle and basket in hand, hastened like me to be first-foot to their acquaintances. "A good new-year to you, Sir, and many o' them," cried they to me as they passed. "Bless us, but ye must be in haste," said several, "not to say 'I wish you the same;' nor even to bode us a good husband ere the new-year is out; never speaking of the kiss o' charity which the haliest men give even to saintly women of new-year's-day morning."

"It's very true," said I, to the smart quean that scorned me with this speech—only now remembering the old custom, which required such as I to salute the veritable lips of every lass that one met in the street, during the whole first hour of the new-born year—"It's very true, bonnie lass, I really had forgot," and, throwing my arm round her neck, I gave the willing wench a most thievish and stolen smack; for, although we stood on the open street, under the shadow of the Tron steeple of Glasgow, and were surrounded by a crowd, occupied like ourselves, my conscience smote me as if I had been tasting the forbidden fruit; and among the faces that hurried past us, I declare, I thought I discovered

gazing on me at the instant the devilish leer of big Willie Watson, my own dreaded rival with pretty Jessy Menzies.

Whether my fancy had deceived me or not, these adventures certainly delayed me sadly; for, I found myself stopped so often by one or another, from the boisterous good humour and pleasant freedom of new year's morning, and had so many drams to drink and lasses to kiss, on my way, that positively there was no such thing as getting on; for, somehow, everybody seemed to know me. Then, to say the truth, the scene was so amusing, and, I may say so new to me—for I never had fairly run the gauntlet of the streets of Glasgow of a new year's morning before—that I could not resist enjoying it as I went along; and, what with the fun, and the wishing of everybody a good new year (surely it could not be the drams that had got into my head), I began absolutely to forget where I was going, and scarcely to think of my own Jessy Menzies.

However, on I pushed up the High Street, and mounted the bell of the brae; when, just as I got under the shadow of the great stone corbels of the black old College, and was approaching with caution its arched gateway, I heard a buzz within the Piazzas, and out rushed a rabble of the students, bottle in hand, for indiscriminate first-footing, with a noise as if they were going to take the city by storm, and it needed little sagacity to perceive that there would now be something to do. A lass happened to be passing at the moment, and knowing, by report, the impudent humour of these blackguard students, she and her bottle flew direct to me for protection. I took her at once under my wing, and we "squeeze" ourselves up close to the wall, until the storm should blow past. Short-sighted mortals that we are! at least, my sight must have been so, in adopting at the moment so inauspicious a manoeuvre. What the rascally students could have seen about me and the poor lass, I am sure I know not, but they surrounded us both with an indecorous shout and a raucous laughter, and began to pull us out from under the shadow of the corbell. I resisted valiantly both on the part of the damsel and myself, until I received a damage on the head, almost to the amount of a contusion, and broke my brandy-bottle in the fray. At the instant when the frail vessel was smashed, and the precious liquor christened the face of an impudent varlet, in a red gown, some one taking hold of me by the lapel of the coat, tore it down the breast like a shred of buckram—while another villain giving me a pluck behind, clean docked off a whole tail of my unfortunate garment! Where the skirmish might have ended, it is impossible for me to say, had not another party of the students attacked a countryman; and, having at the moment got him hoisted up astride a long pole, they were so diverted at his noise and swearing, and the appearance he made, that, turning aside from me and the ill-used lassie, I was enabled to fight my way clear out, by the help of the head of the brandy-bottle; and away I set up the height of the hill.

If there had been any suspicion of drink about me before this, certainly I was now in a state of most melancholy sobriety; as I thought of my disasters, and the unfortunate condition of my poor coat. That I was now as sober as a judge, was quite certain; for I could tell it by the profound nature of my

reflections, as I again emerged into the outlets of the city, and meditated on the unexpected perils of the evening. Suddenly it seemed to me that the frosty winter's night had become most deadly dark; for, do what my eyes were able, I could not distinguish the great tower of the old Cathedral, to which I ought now to be almost close. Surely, thought I, "the mickle black deil," that goes about busily in nights like this, cannot have lifted it away bodily, in spite of Saint Kertigern himself, and left me to grope my way through its rotten churchyard, towards Jessy Menzies' house.

As my spirit became troubled with these thoughts, the great bell of the cathedral boomed a solemn *one*, and the deep and melancholy toll rolled slowly away in echoes over the dark city beneath me; as if giving unheeded warning to the thoughtless inhabitants, of the predestined evils of the coming year. The sound seemed to me almost dreadful, sober as I undoubtedly was; but where it exactly came from, or which ear of me it struck first, I could not positively determine; for the old Cathedral was nowhere to be seen. Yet, I knew well enough where I was going; although, as I travelled on, there certainly did appear some changes on the road, since the last time I had been at Jessy Menzies'. What an unhappy wight was I! for there was little use in thinking of being her first-foot now.

Somehow, the house I sought seemed not to stand in its usual place, and yet I knew the road through the fields as well as the way to my own bed. "Mercy on me, where am I?" I exclaimed suddenly,—"here is nothing but black moss!—and what light is that gleaming in my eyes? Can this be Spunkie—the will-o'-wisp that I so often have heard of? There it goes, dance, dancing—but I will not look at it."

Vain resolve. The *ignis fatuus* was still gleaming before me; and sometimes it seemed double, and dwindled away a mile off; then it came up quite close, and a face seemed with it, or in it, rolling its eyes upon me like the phantasmagoria of a magic lantern. Surely, thought I, I shall not be left to die in a quagmire, this blessed new-year's morning! Surely, the drams are not running in my head! Then I heard voices whispering quite near me, and thought I even saw faces. "Can Will-o'-the-Wisp speak?" I made a spring to avoid him, but my footing was the next instant gone, and I felt myself falling—falling over some precipice—I felt the breath sucked out of my body, like a puff of life. A strange sensation dashed all over me, and a flash of fire passed through my brain. What now?—nothing!

What is life? What is death? Does the soul sleep? or, where was my soul, while time and self had no existence? There was no dream of imperfect consciousness, or any intermediate purgatory of the mind! Suddenly, as if the trump of another day had called me into new existence, I heard distinctly a light step tripping near me, for I was now in a warm, comfortable place. Then I felt myself sighing, and heard another sigh almost at my ear, so soft and so deep, that I seemed to drink it into my newly created soul: as if it had been the sweet suspiration of my own Jessy Menzies! A hand touched mine; I felt its thrill pass rapidly through my heart. I half opened my

eyes, and saw Jessy Menzies gazing in my face.

"Robin," said she, "dear Robin, are you better?"

"Yes, Jessy. Where have I been?"

"You fell down that deep quarry, just as John got near you with the lantern. Oh, what a fright you gave me!"

"Then you really were concerned for me, Jessy Menzies?"

"I was indeed. Oh, how it delights me, to hear you speak again."

"And you would have been more sorry for me, than for big Willie Watson?"

"Indeed I would. I'll ne'er tell you a lie."

"Then Jessy, I've one question to ask you. Nay, come with your sweet face quite close to mine; for I still am weak."

Oh, the dear blush that stole gradually over her face and neck, after I asked her the question. Shall I ever forget it! or the answer that came whispering from her lips into my eager ear. No wonder I admire her still more and more now, when she has become my sweet little wife. No wonder I often think with interest of the occurrence that made her mine at last, after the pleasant though foolish adventures of a NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

THE OLD YEAR'S NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY.

This night, the old year's night,
I will not share your mirth,
With cup, and song, and laugh, to hail
A new year's birth.

This night, the old year's night,—
I sit alone, by choice,
To listen to the mutterings
Of its departing voice.

For I had rather hear
The old year to me speak,
Than wait to watch the lie of hope
Upon the new year's cheek.

The old year to me speak!
Oh! mean I not more years than *one*,
Now old? Yes, every, every year,
Which o'er my heart hath gone.

I listen to them all!
Their buried voices burst the tomb
Of time and place, and like
Shadows of sounds they come;—

And each accusing me—
As each my child had been,
Whom I to scorn and death had left,
Unclaimed, almost unseen.

"Unto you were we born!
And us you should have shaped to good,
For your own sake, that we
Close by you, in adversity,
Your helpers might have stood.

"You did neglect us all!
And one by one from you we died,
Mementos only, only,
Of your passions and your pride."

SOLILOQUY OF A FINE LIVELY TURTLE.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

"LET us call no man fortunate," said the ancient philosopher, "till we have witnessed his end!" and very sincerely from my tank at the King's Head in the Poultry, do I, a predestined fish, reiterate the sentiments. Neither man nor turtle knows to what consummation he is born; and when bursting from my egg-shell on the scorching sands of

the island of Cuba, I little dreamed that my own dissolution was connected with that of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain; that *my* fins were sympathetic with the finances of the country; that *my* green fat was to cement the union between the three great estates of its ancient constitution!

It is a mighty hard thing that the inhabitants of the civilized earth can no longer make merry, except at the expense of myself and my brethren. Time was, while yet the head of the gallant Raleigh nodded on his shoulders, that we turtles waddled along our native sands secure from the culinary scalpel, and unheeding of the stew-pan. The simplicity of Oriental tribes and Occidental islanders took no note of our edibility; nor was it till the rage after maritime discovery set those "uninhabited" rascals, Columbus, Vesputius, and Cabot, a-gadding, that the cruel distinctions of calipash and calipee first brought water into the mouths of the civic magistrates of the British metropolis. But for Vasco de Gama and his roving tribe, I had never sweltered here, in a tank in the Poultry! Well did the simple Caribs know that infant flesh surpasseth the meat of turtles; and the Ascension islanders rejoiced in their soup of the hind-quarter of some captured rival chief, that required not lime-punch nor sanganee to aid its digestion. But civilized Europe poured its gastraphilites over the globe! They came,—they saw,—they cooked! Curse on the memory of the first turtle that lent its unctuous integuments to their broths! Had it been lean as the Earl of —, tough as a Dowager Countess, still might I, an amphibious heir of the creation, air myself along the shelly shores of the Atlantic, careless of cook or kaiser; propagating my crustaceous species, without the fear of the white night-cap before my eyes! But lo! no sooner did the oleaginous fume of the first turtle steam from the cauldron, than flesh became fishified to the desires of men. Thenceforward their fat beeves and their flocks were slaughtered in vain;—and TURTLE!—TURTLE!—TURTLE! was the cry of the eating world.

Ah! little did I imagine when, three months ago,—three little months,—I opened my eyes one sweet May morning to behold for the last time the pellucid ocean sending its white foam beside my lair, and warning me and my innocent family of the advancing tide; little did I dream as I beheld my four comely brethren—my venerable sire—my six goodly sons—disperse from beside the jutting rock under which we had been sheltering, that captivity had come upon us like a thief in the night, or rather that the strong arm of authority had sentenced *us*, like thieves, to transportation—death—anatimization! Instead of the cry of the sea-bird wailing over our heads, to warn us that the sun was bright in the heavens, "Avast, there, Jack!"—"Bear a hand, Bill, or these 'ere toddlers 'll be off arter their t'other helement!"—sounded in our slumbering ears like the creaking of the brazen gates of Pandemonium. A monster, having from his head three long, straight, pendent black tails, did straightway lay violent hands upon me and mine. Vain were my puny efforts!—I gasped,—I floundered,—I opened my horny beak,—I rolled my threatening eyes; but lo! in the twinkling of one of them, I found myself ignominiously laid upon my back

in some strange concavity floating on the water's surge—(that rolled by, hissing as if in derision of my moan,) and tossed hither and thither on the gurgling waves! I grew sick of them and life together. Filthy nausea! vile result of the progress of civilization! Oh! that a free agent should eschew dry land, and incite his own vitals to rebellion against him.

But what was heart-sickness—what was even sea-sickness compared with the agony in store for my innocent frame. Suddenly a heavier swell seemed to rise upon the ocean. We approached a dark and mighty object; and amid a roar as of a thousand hurricanes, emitted at three several intervals, I and my captive tribe were swung into buckets lowered from the wall; hoisted aloft and dashed spiteously upon the ground. The ground?—alas!—a floor of foul, and seamed, and fetid planks, now replaced the silver sand whereon we had been wont to course each other in slow and majestic turtle race. We were now passengers on board the good ship the *Lively Betsy*, bound for the port of London.

Gods! how abhorrent in my ears has that one word *lively* since become! Captain—mate—purser—steward—crew;—all, while they exulted over my prostrate humiliation, soon united in declaring, that I—even I—was the most “lively” of the squad;—that I was “fattest—heaviest—most *lively*—best!”—a morsel for a lord mayor;—a fish for Birch! at every fresh flounder made by myself and company, when

Pleas’d we remembered our august abodes, trusting that our own efforts might still restore us to the ocean murmuring so near, a fresh shout arose from the tyrants. “Fine lively turtle, Jack;” cried one with whiter nether garments and a redder visage than the rest. “Fetch the hammer and nails, my hearty! and fix ‘em.”

“Fix ‘em!”—Will it be believed of the sons of a land of liberty—of the fellow-countrymen of Howard, Jonas Hanway, and Richard Martin—of men to whom Cowper has sung, and Sadler specified—will it be believed, that the operation of “fixing” consisted in driving four rough and spit-like nails through our fins, leaving our bodies extended on the deck after the fashion of a kite against a barn-door, or the effigy of a spread eagle on an Austrian banner or English stage coach!—What was Bajazet’s durance in his iron cage compared with ours!—What, Montezuma’s torture grilling on his coals, to mine, broiled alive, and inch by inch, and noon by noon, under a vertical sun!

There were seven spars of Deptford mould
On the decks of the *Betsy*, hard and old;
There were seven turtle, fat and heavy,
Nailed each to each, a mournful bevy.
My nearer brother gasped and pined,
Slowly his uctuous heart declined,
He loathed, and put away his food.

But wherefore pursue the parody? My soul sickens at the reminiscence! My brethren, like those of Bonneval, pined away and perished; and, as the end of each approached, I saw the miserable victim upturn from his excruciation, and consigned to the hands of the executioner. No! They were not even suffered to breathe their last in peace! From my bed of martyrdom I scented the savoury fume in which their murdered remains were seething, and beheld, on the following day, their several shells suspended like armorial

trophies in the sunshine. I was now alone in the world—a hopeless, helpless, solitary fish. *There* hung the remains of all that was dear to me; I shrank from the spectacle!—Again and again I floundered to release myself from my miserable thralldom; and again and again my persecutors surrounded me to triumph again in the announcement, that I was still “deadly lively,” and should arrive in the docks in the nick of time for the Reform dinner at Guildhall.

At length came the fatal moment for “unfixing!” My mangled flesh now adhered to the rusty nails, which had become, as it were, a part of my own substance; yet scarcely had I lifted up my languid eyes and beheld

The towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame, peering over my head, when a barbarous stranger wrenched me from my imprisonment, and excess of anguish wrought its own remedy. I was conveyed, in a state of insensibility, from St. Katharine’s docks to the execution-dock of this renowned hostel.

The very name of “The King’s Head” was ominous in my ears, when I woke to a sense of my own situation! It is a well-known fact that, in England, they cut off the tails of their horses, and the heads of their kings and turtle;—and when, with a presentiment of decapitation strong upon my mind, I beheld a tall gaunt man approaching, at the string of whose white apron hung a murderous steel!—I felt that my last hour was at hand!—*There* blazed the fire—*there* yawned the cauldron—*there* stood the chopping block—*there* the cook!—Every moment I expected the fatal fiat of—

Off with his head!—so much for Buckingham, when a solemn-looking gentleman (I took him for the Ordinary of Newgate) stalked into the kitchen; and, as I lay gasping on the floor, gravely addressed my executioner. The names of “Lord John Russell—Lord Althorp,” now reached my ears, followed by allusions to “approaching elections—public dinners—reform—town-hall—and, though last, not least, to *turtle soup*!”—“Reform and lime punch!”—Oh! filthy anti-climax, dishonouring to the legislature of a civilized nation!—Oh! fatal antithesis, appalling to my amphibious race!—to you am I indebted for the cruel reprieve that consigns me to this melancholy tank!

It appeared, that the renowned proprietor of the King’s Head (like some new Magazine) was just then in want of “a lively article;”—that my tenacity of life had established my reputation. The cook, regarding me with the crafty eye of a life-insurance broker, pronounced, that I should take a wonderful deal of killing—that I should bear a week’s—a fortnight’s—nay, a *month’s* fattening!—that I was, in short, a “fine lively turtle, and would keep very well till the dissolution of parliament.”

Such being my sentence, I was plunged into this vile receptacle, in company with seven other turtles worse than myself; seven strangers to my name and race—diseased, infirm, incurable fishes, whose foul contact embitters those last moments, which I would fain devote to studying, like Cæsar, to fall with decency. Every day the feeblest and most unwholesome of my companions is drawn forth from captivity, and transferred from cold to boiling water—from the tank to the turtle kettle: while I—in honour of my

liveliness—am destined to a protraction of misery!

But I shall not expire unavenged!—Dread as is the destiny of the turtle kind, a glorious retribution is fated to appease our manes. Vainly do our enemies court repose on the downy couches of the Mansion House, or the purlieus of Aldermanbury. Nightmare—dyspepsia—liver complaint—APOPLEXY—rising like a covey of phoenixes from our martyred ashes, strike consternation into the elders of the city, and flap their wings over the heads of the Common Council. Let my Lord John Russell look to himself!—So surely as he shall taste of the turtle-pots of Egypt, so surely will I

Rise again

With twenty mortal murders on my crown,
haunt him in the heat of debate, and “sit heavy on his soul” amid the tremors of a division. Let him swallow but so much as a spoonful of me, and (by the shades of my murdered kinsred!) “we will meet again at Philippi.”

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE illustrated volumes of Sir Walter Scott’s poetry will begin, we are told, to make their appearance in the month of May; they are to be printed and bound up in the manner of Murray’s Byron; each volume will contain two landscapes from the pencil of Turner, and illustrations in prose, by the hand of Mr. Lockhart. It will make a beautiful and popular publication, and will be followed by the Life and Correspondence of the illustrious poet.—Milton, his Life, Times, and Religious and Political Opinions, is a work promised by Mr. Ivey. The author has taken a wide field; he will, in this historic picture, have to crowd his canvas so with figures, that the poet will be lost, as Charles was among the roses of Kneller’s painting.—‘A Memoir of the Life and Medical Opinions of Dr. Armstrong,’ is promised by his intimate friend, Dr. Boott, a gentleman well known for his literary taste and medical knowledge, both in England and America.

The magazines are more than commonly clever this month. *Blackwood* has an article of great length, critical tact, and poetical taste, on the characters of Shakspeare. *Fraser* has wit, and learning, and devilry; we wish, however, that he had omitted Byron’s nitric-acid verses on Rogers; they cannot but give the venerable poet pain, and they say little for either the heart or consistency of the author. The *Gentleman’s Magazine* is much to our taste; it contains a variety of valuable information and just criticism; the *Metropolitan*, too, is as readable as any; and we have little fault to find with *Tait*, save his permitting Miss Martineau to say, that Sir Walter Scott knew nothing of nature, and drew none of his characters from humble life. She has more skill in the affairs of the nation, else woe to those who follow her counsels. The *United Service Journal* is of a different stamp, but not less interesting; it addresses itself to a large and intelligent body, and the writers have access to good information, both by land and wave.

A sort of mania for cheap engravings is prevalent; we have them of all classes and degrees of merit. Not an hour ago, a person brought a printed letter from Mr. Jones,

of the Temple of the Muses, in Finsbury Square, accompanied by the first number of a new series of engravings from the National Gallery, requesting us to subscribe. Some of the prints are not amiss; they want, however, the character of the master from whom they are copied; they are too soft, and are deficient in vigour. It is very proper for the proprietor to push his work; but we dislike to see matters of genius hawked about and left at men's doors, for the consideration of the inmates.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

The College commence their conversazioni, for the season, on Monday the 28th instant, and continue them on the last Monday evening of each successive month, until the end of June. A paper from the pen of the learned President, whose 'Essays on Orations,' read at the College, and lately published, we noticed in a former number, will be read at the first meeting.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The science of Phrenology has occupied the attention of this Society during the two last sittings; the attendance was very numerous, and several of the most distinguished members of the Phrenological Society were present. The President, at the commencement of the debate, pronounced a high eulogium on the character of the late Dr. Spurzheim, which was echoed by most of those who joined in the discussion. Mr. De Ville was the most prominent speaker: he illustrated his principal positions by a reference to a series of casts he had laid on the Society's table; at the conclusion, he intimated his intention to hold conversazioni at his house, to afford the scientific public an opportunity of inspecting his extensive collection of casts, as illustrative of the truth of the science. He challenged its opponents, by fearlessly asserting he could practically prove its truth, even to the most minute division. Mr. Holme, who is in possession of the late Dr. Spurzheim's collection, also invited the members of this Society, as well as the literary world generally, to view at his residence that valuable phrenologist's museum. The debate was adjourned over the Christmas vacation till Saturday the 12th instant.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 3.—John Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Seventeen candidates were balloted for and elected. The Secretary's report stated the monthly balance of cash on the 31st of December as 256*l.* 15*s.* 11*d.*, and the number of visitors to the garden and museum 3,336. Several valuable donations to the menagerie and museum were announced. A pair of chetals, presented by Lord Clare, sent from India; a South American ostrich from Lord Stanley, the President of the Society; eight golden pheasants from J. Fuller, Esq.; a slow-paced lemur, and the skin of a flying lemur; six skins of various pheasants from India, a skin of the harnessed antelope, presented by the Zoological Society of Dublin. After a short discussion on a proposed new bye-law, the meeting was adjourned to the 7th of February.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.	{ Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	{ Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	{ Medico-Botanical Society ..	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY.	{ Medico-Chirurgical Society ..	p. 8 P.M.
	{ Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
	{ Geological Society	p. 8, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
	{ Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
THURSDAY.	{ Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY.	{ Astronomical Society	Eight, P.M.
SATURDAY.	Westminster Medical Society, Eight, P.M.	

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

On Monday, 17th of December, at a meeting of council to determine the merits of the different essays which had been sent in, on the subject proposed by the Academy—viz. 'The Origin and Use of the Round Towers of Ireland,' the gold medal and 50*l.* were awarded to George Petrie, Esq., and a gold medal to Henry O'Brien, Esq.

Hopes are entertained that Mr. Petrie's valuable essay will be given to the public, accompanied by engravings from drawings which he has made of most of the Irish round towers. We believe that the theory which Mr. Petrie contends for in his essay is, that these singular structures were erected in the early ages of christianity, for the purpose of securing the valuables belonging to the religious institutions of that period, and also that they appear to have served as belfries. His arguments are stated to be very conclusive against the other hypotheses, such as that they owe their origin to the fire-worshippers of an earlier date, &c., but we have not yet seen them.

HELVETIC SOCIETY OF NATURALISTS.

Growth and Age of the Olive and Orange Trees.

At the last meeting of this Society, M. de Kandolle read a memoir by Berthelot, on the growth and age of several kinds of trees, in the vicinity of Nice, from which we extract the subsequent remarks. "There is an olive tree at Villefranche, in the environs of that town, the lowest extremity of the trunk of which, next the surface, measures above thirty-eight feet, and three feet and a half above the surface, nineteen feet in circumference; one of its main branches is six and a half feet in circumference, and the trunk itself eight and a half feet high. This is both the oldest and largest olive tree in that part of the country, and though fast decaying, retains much of its stately appearance. The celebrated olive-tree at Pescio, which has hitherto been considered the most ancient in Italy, and is stated by Maschettini to be seven hundred years old, is much younger than this wonder of Nice. There are records now extant, which show, that, as far back as the year 1516, the latter was accounted the oldest in those parts. In 1818, it bore upwards of two hundred pounds weight of oil; and, in earlier days and good years, more than three hundred and fifty. The orange-tree is of so modern a date in Europe, that no certain maximum of age can yet be assigned to it. It may, however, be generally observed of it, that it attains to a great age, though its trunk has scarcely ever been known to grow to any considerable height. In the celebrated orangerie, at Versailles, there is a tree of this species, which was raised from seed sown in 1421, and has at this moment every appearance of surviving for centuries to come. There is another orange-tree in the yard of the Convent of St. Sabina, at Rome, which is said to have been planted by St. Dominick, in the year 1200. It has never grown to a greater height than thirty feet. In the neighbourhood of Finale may be seen another, eight and twenty feet high, which bears nearly 8,000 oranges in a single year. And there was one of the kind existing in the neighbourhood of Nice, in 1789, the trunk of which was so thick that two men could scarcely span it with their arms; its age was unknown, but it was nearly fifty feet high, and its foliage afforded shade to a table of forty covers. One year with another, it bore between five and six thousand oranges, and this immense produce was confined to one half of its crown; the other yielding scarcely one hundred; it is remarkable that, in the following year, the latter bore a crop of thousands of fruit, whilst the former was almost barren of produce. This noble tree perished under the effects of the severe frost of 1789.

FINE ARTS

The Works of Liversage. Part III. Moon, Boys & Graves.

We wish well to this work. The painter died in the dawn of his fame and fortune, and is much less known than he deserves to be. His forte lay in delineations, half historic and half portrait: he has considerable feeling, not a little humour, but very little imagination. There are three engravings in this number: the first, from the Black Dwarf, in which that sad abortion figure;—the second, from Ivanhoe, showing Friar Tuck pledging his unknown guest;—and the third, from the Fortunes of Nigel, representing Margaret Ramsay giving Dame Saddlechops a glass of distilled water. The last is the best; the dame herself is capital; her looks seem acquainted with the candle cup and wine-glass; and there is a swollen and breathless impatience about her which few artists could delineate.

Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures. No. V.

The prints in this number are, 'The Brisk Gale,' by Vandervelde; 'Henrietta,' Queen of Charles the First, by Vandyke; and the 'Farm Yard,' by Teniers. We think, on the whole, the number is equal in merit to most of the preceding. 'The Brisk Gale' is well engraved, and gives us a good idea of the style of that favourite master; indeed, one of the merits of the work is, that it represents the character, both in hue and handling, of the painter whose work it copies. It neither smooths the rough nor roughens the smooth, but considers them as characteristics of the master—and, like Burns with the thistle,—

Sparcs the symbol dear.

We rather wonder that Mr. Major eluded the threatened law-suit, about the right of copying from paintings in the National Gallery; it would have made the worth of his work more widely known; there is no reservation of property on the part of the painter, and no exclusive right on the part of Messrs. Moon & Boys. The painting on which they claim a monopoly of engraving, was sold to Sir George Beaumont, and presented free and unencumbered to the nation.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations to the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Murray.

Of the six landscapes in this number, 'Lausanne,' by Copley Fielding, is the best; the scene is beautiful, and the idea of distance well expressed; nor are the others without interest; 'Corinth,' by Turner, is in his usual happy style. 'The head of Lady Caroline Lamb,' will be much looked at: it has a boyish air, and is we think less feminine than the living lady was; her manner only was bold. It somewhat resembles Byron, who, with all his genius, and all his recorded scorn of affectation, had a pretty considerable touch of the dandy in his disposition. We hear that the Countesses Guiccioli and Blessington are to be served up in all their beauty, as Illustrations of Lord Byron. Lead us not into temptation, Mr. Murray.

The Princess Victoria.

This clever portrait is drawn from the life, by Mr. Wilkin, already distinguished for his admirable heads of Wordsworth and Lord Francis Leveson Gower. The Princess holds a book in her hand, and looks easy and artless. Her shape is hurt by the hideous dress in which fashion buries our ladies.

Memorials of Orford, No. III.

The wood-cuts and letter-press of this little work are very well executed, and cannot fail to recall Christchurch to many of its learned sons.

THEATRICALS

THE MANAGEMENT OF DRURY LANE THEATRE AND THE ATHENÆUM.

WHENEVER the honesty or impartiality of this Paper is attacked, it becomes an imperative duty to our readers to repel the charge, whether those who make it be great or little—nay, more, whether their conduct in making it be great or little. Although in the present case the object in dispute is extremely insignificant, being merely a free-admission to Drury Lane Theatre, it involves a question of considerable interest to ourselves, and one which cannot be altogether uninteresting to our subscribers, who have a right to expect that the faith they have been accustomed to place in the integrity of our reports shall be maintained unshaken. To effect this, we must enter into a history of some length, but we will keep it as much within bounds as we can. Be it known then, that on presenting ourselves at Drury Lane Theatre on Thursday evening week, we were informed that the free-admission for this paper was stopped. At the time this had no other effect than that of causing us to transfer our person from the free to the pay door. Having next day reported the circumstance to the Editor, he accompanied us to the theatre, where we had an interview with the Lessee. The Lessee's right to remove us from the free-list we never proposed for a moment to question.† The proceeding itself is too trumpery for us to waste a second thought upon; but the grounds on which it purported to be founded, might, by affecting individual character, magnify insignificance into importance,—and these were what we went to inquire about. The answer of the Lessee was, that his reasons were two-fold—first, because of the general tone of ill-nature and unfairness of the criticisms in this paper touching his theatre; and, secondly, because during his recent absence from London he had received a report that the theatrical writer for the *Athenæum*, with another gentleman, had been seen, on the night of Mr. Braham's first appearance in *Colonel Feignwell*, "conspicuously and vehemently hissing the performance from the beginning to the end." The Lessee was then reminded by the Editor, that the first charge, being against the paper, was one which involved him as the person responsible for all that appeared in it; and the second, one which merely affected the individual accused; and being thereupon pressed to make his election, as to which the stopping of the freedom was founded upon, the Lessee finally stated that it was upon the hissing accusation. "Upon this hint" we "spoke," and after pointing out to the Lessee the ludicrous improbability of a person of decent education and gentlemanly position in society so far committing himself, and showing how much the improbability was increased, by the well-known fact of our being a writer for this paper, and also an occasional writer for the stage, and, *pro tanto*, therefore a public person, we proceeded in unqualified terms to deny the truth of the charge *in toto*, and to apply to the fabrication and its propagators certain epithets usual in such cases, but which would look somewhat

inelegant in print. Here ended the conversation, as to this point, except that the Lessee expressed his satisfaction at receiving so unreserved a contradiction, and stated his intention of making further inquiry. Whether he has done so or not, we do not know—but we have. We have talked the matter over with the highly respected Treasurer of the theatre, and have received from him an assurance that he has been informed by the person who transmitted the report to the Lessee, that the charge cannot be sustained; that his informant (the real original fabricator) has "shifted his ground," and, in short, that this base fabrication, like the "baseless fabric of a vision," has "vanished into thin air." The gentleman in question added, that he had it in distinct terms from the same quarter, that the removal of our name from the free-list was in consequence of the general ill-nature of our notices, and not owing to the charge of hissing, which had been wholly abandoned. Now the Lessee, as we have before stated, said it was owing to the latter. Who shall decide when doctors and their assistants disagree? The falsehood of the trumpet-up story having been made manifest and admitted, there can be no doubt in any impartial mind that a voluntary acknowledgment of the injustice towards us, which was founded upon it, ought at once to have been sent. As the reason assigned has thus been knocked from under the management, the management of course falls upon the other—that of general unfairness in the notices; and it is now our business to inquire whether that has strength enough to break its fall. We assert that it has not, and will at once proceed to show the truth of what we say, not by mere assertion, but by a quotation of facts. There have been ten new productions at Drury Lane this season; we shall take them in their order, and give first the title and date of the piece produced, next the play-bill puff of the following day, then the shortest extract we can possibly make from our own notice, to show the general tendency of our opinion upon it, and finally the number of nights the piece was performed. We shall then leave our readers to draw their own inference as to which is the honest report of the two, and as to how far the correctness of their reporter's judgment has been borne out by the facts which have ensued.

No. 1. 'The House of Colberg,' a tragedy, produced Oct. 1.

"The new tragedy of 'The House of Colberg' having been received with the deepest attention, and the announcement of its repetition hailed with the greatest applause, will be repeated this evening, Thursday, and Monday next."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day.*

"Still we are forced by truth to express our doubts whether 'The House of Colberg' will prove permanently attractive."—*Athenæum*, Oct. 13.

Acted four times.

No. 2. 'The Factory Girl,' an original domestic drama, produced Oct. 6.

"'The Factory Girl' having been completely successful, will be performed three times every week until further notice."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day.*

Not reported in the *Athenæum*, but

Acted twice.

No. 3. 'Mr. and Mrs. Pringle,' a comic entertainment, produced Oct. 9.

"'Mr. and Mrs. Pringle' having been received with shouts of laughter throughout its performance, will be played every evening until further notice."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day.*

"It was highly and deservedly successful, and will, we should hope, prove attractive."—*Athenæum*, Oct. 13.

A second notice, more detailed and more

favourable, was given on Saturday Oct. 20.—(How ill-natured!)

Acted nineteen times, and still performed occasionally.

No. 4. 'Rob Roy,' with the pageant in honour of Sir Walter Scott, produced Oct. 13.

"The commemoration of the Bard of the North having attracted one of the most brilliant and crowded audiences ever assembled in a theatre, and the beauty of the scenery, dresses, and decorations, having been admitted to equal those of any preceding pageant, its reputation is respectfully announced for every evening until further notice."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day. (Red letters.)*

"If there be many omissions in the *dramatis personæ*, the mighty wizard himself must be blamed for fecundity of production rather than the management of Drury Lane censured for paucity of representation."—*Athenæum*, Oct. 20. (More ill-nature!)

Acted sixteen times.

No. 5. 'The Doom Kiss,' a legendary operatic entertainment, produced Oct. 29.

"'The Doom Kiss' having been received throughout with the greatest favour, and its music, scenery, and general preparation, having elicited unbounded applause from a crowded audience, will be performed this evening, but its third representation is unavoidably delayed until Saturday next, owing to Mr. H. Phillips's previous engagement at Norwich."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day. (Red letters.)*

"We shall say no more of the piece itself, because we are not fond of finding fault, and prefer cutting the matter short where there is nothing else to find.

"Of the music we can conscientiously speak in terms of high praise, and we therefore hasten from the less to the more satisfactory part of our duty."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 3. (More ill-nature!)

Acted six times.

No. 6. 'Petticoat Government,' an entertainment, produced Nov. 12.

"The new entertainment entitled, 'Petticoat Government,' having been received with decided success by a brilliant and overflowing audience, will be performed three times every week until further notice."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day.*

"Altogether, the piece was extremely well-received, and promises to be attractive."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 17. (More ill-nature!)

Acted nine times, and still occasionally performed.

No. 7. 'The Militia Muster,' a comic interlude, produced Nov. 17.

"Mr. Hackett having experienced a very favourable reception from one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the whole season, and his entertainment being hailed with shouts of laughter and applause, will repeat the character of Major Joe on Thursday."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day.*

"It is poorly arranged for the stage, and has nothing to recommend it but Mr. Hackett's American militia officer—and even this, from the similarity of the phrases to those previously used by him in the comedy, soon began to be tiresome, and the audience testified their impatience in the usual way. Still, it was evidently more against the piece than against the actor, that their sibilations were directed."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 24.

Acted once.

No. 8. 'St. Patrick's Eve,' a drama, produced Nov. 24.

"The new historical drama, entitled 'St. Patrick's Eve, or, the Order of the Day,' having been crowned with complete success by a crowded

† The admission by right or courtesy of the Public Press to the Public Theatres, has been long established, although it is made evident enough on occasions like this, that the privilege is held by a tenure very unsatisfactory to the feelings of gentlemen. It is not long since the *Globe* was struck off one list—the *True Sun* removed from another—and now the same silly display of temper is shown towards the *Athenæum*—the parties, however they may choose to qualify their conduct by words, evidently considering that the admission ticket is a sort of retaining fee, and desiring and expecting that the reports of theatrical matters in the papers, should be as little worthy of belief as the puffs in their own play-bills.—*Ed.*

audience, will be performed this evening, Friday next, and three times a week until further notice."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day.*

"It is, generally speaking, pleasantly written; may be pronounced to be lively and agreeable, and was received with satisfaction and considerable applause."—*Athenæum*, Dec. 1. (More ill-nature!)

Acted seven times, and still occasionally performed.

No. 9. 'Men of Pleasure,' a comedy, produced Dec. 11.

"The new comedy, entitled 'Men of Pleasure,' having been received with great favour by a full and fashionable audience, will be performed this evening, on Friday, and Saturday next, and three times a week until further notice."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day.*

"It would give us much pleasure to be able to report well of it—this pleasure is denied us. The piece is consumptive, and if we were even inclined to disregard truth, and to puff it as much as the play-bills do, we could not blow the breath of life into it."—*Athenæum*, Dec. 15.

Acted four times.

No. 10. 'Win her and Wear her,' produced Dec. 18.

"The new comic opera, entitled 'Win her and Wear her,' having been completely successful, and Mr. Braham's performance of *Colonel Feignwell* having been most favourably received, will be repeated on Saturday, and twice every week."—*Drury Lane play-bill of the next day.*

"Mr. Braham's personation of it is a failure—not for him, but to the audience."

"The dialogue dragged terribly, and the whole thing was extremely soporific. Entire scenes in the early part went through almost unbroken by a laugh."—*Athenæum*, Dec. 22.

Acted twice, and now advertised for Wednesday next, in consequence of the repeated applications at the Box Office.

A few words more upon this opera, because the truth has come out, and our readers should know, that our notice of it on Saturday week was the real poke in the ribs which caused the awful calamity that has befallen us. We there said, that "although it might be very curious that Mr. Braham could do so well, it was a great bore to those who were obliged to sit and see it, that he could not do better." And so it was—and what of that? Good taste prevents us from saying to public men's faces, what duty often compels us to write about them; but this being the truth, we are not ashamed of having said it—and see no real reason why, upon being questioned by him, we should not shake hands with Mr. Braham in all friendliness and repeat it. We have, on all fitting occasions, paid homage to Mr. Braham's unrivalled talent in the strongest terms at our command—but are we on that account to be held bound to praise him as an actor, if he should take it into his head, or a bungling, catch-penny management should put it into his head, to play *Macbeth* or *Coriolanus*? We went on, in speaking of the music, to say, that Mr. Barnett had not a fair chance, and to blame the management for that. How stands the fact? Mr. Barnett has within these few days written to the *Times*, complaining that he was so driven about the music, that he was obliged to compose nearly the whole of it in three days and nights—that it was hurried out with one rehearsal, in spite of the protests of himself and the author—and talking of the "infamous" manner in which he was treated by the management. Verily, truth-tellers are often more troublesome than story-tellers!

Now, really, with these facts staring them in the face, is it not great weakness to charge us with either ill-nature or unfairness? What should make us, as independent journalists, care more

about one theatre than another, except in as far as one is better conducted than another? We have often endeavoured to impress upon theatrical people, that we have a duty to perform to this Paper and to its readers, which is apart from every other consideration—that we are placed in the situation of a counsel who holds a brief, and who must conscientiously follow his instructions to the best of his ability and judgment, though the defendant be his own brother. Well, if they won't believe it now, we must bide our time—we shall proceed in the old way without turning either to the right or to the left through fear or favour, and such conduct must in the end win an acknowledgment privately, if not publicly, even from our enemies, that we have been honest to our employers, and consistent with ourselves. The truth is, that it is the frequent rubs which we have been obliged to give the present management of Drury Lane, which have produced the sore place—why then will it so conduct itself, as to force us to scratch upon it? It is, in our opinion, the most imbecile management under which it has ever been, in our time, the lot of a national theatre to fall. This opinion we have a right to give—aye, and we will give it, let who will stand at the door. We have complained over and over again, of the poorness of the pieces produced, of the painful ignorance displayed in the manner of getting them up—of the system of puffing and quackery, which makes their bills the laughing-stock of the town, and of the bad English in which those puffs are put forth—of the unfair bias which is attempted to be given to the public mind and the public press, by the shoals of orders sent in on almost all first nights—and of other faults too numerous to mention. Lastly, we have occasionally contrasted the thinness of the audiences with the crowds and overflows spoken of in the bills, and asserted, as truth required, that pieces had been badly or indifferently received, at the very moment when the faces of such bills were bloated and party-coloured with puffing them. But enough of this; we, of the *Athenæum*, are no longer on the free-list of Drury Lane Theatre. What will be the consequence? Simply, that when we wish to go in we shall awake the money-taker from his slumbers, and refresh his eyes with the sight of seven shillings and three-and-sixpence as the case may be, and this we shall do without let, hindrance or molestation at the pay place, instead of having our ribs squeezed, as we often have at the entrance mis-called "free." *An reste*—we shall report, as before, truly upon what we see. We have no petty revenge to gratify. We had no idea until this fuss took place, that our tiny voice was of so much consequence; but we are happy to discover that we are considered a "marvellous proper man," and we shall accordingly at once "be at charges for a looking-glass, and entertain a score or two of tailors." Deeply impressed with a sense of our own increased importance, we shall resume our avocations, and far from needlessly increasing in severity, we shall be merciful as we are strong. In short, if Drury Lane will be kind enough to produce a good play in a good and creditable manner, we will be among the first to do the play and the management all due honour.

COVENT GARDEN.

'Puss in Boots' is, upon the whole, a capital pantomime. The bustling, kick and slap, poke and thump, dancing and tumbling part of it, has the same fault as the one at Drury Lane—length. The new matter is mostly good, but there is too much old introduced. The introductory and fairy part of it, which is the only part of a pantomime that we care to see, is admirable. We are inclined to think it the best within our recollection. It has an air of reality about it,

which stripped our coat off, and put us back into a skeleton jacket, and circular frill—and which placed substantially before us, giving to the airy nothings a local habitation and a name, all the fondest flights of our fancy, in those days when we used to con over the cheap little books, and the dear little pictures. Mr. Peake's opening at Drury Lane is extremely well imagined, but his ideas are not quite done justice to. In saying this, we disclaim any intention to point particularly at the present Drury Lane management. We know not why, but Covent Garden has, time out of mind, beaten its rival out of the field at a pantomime. Yes, we do know why: there is a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, at Covent Garden, a sort of *esprit de théâtre*, which we never remember to such an extent elsewhere. We wish, however, that this management would remove the great printed cats from the entrance to the boxes. It is a proceeding unworthy of such an establishment, and an eye-sore to all persons of good taste.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

'Harlequin and the King of Clubs; or, the Knave that Stole the Syllabubs.' "In consequence of the immense overflow" which Drury Lane has caused in our theatricals this week, we have but little room for the little theatres. However, we don't want much in the present case. Finding fault is a lengthy proceeding from the necessity of showing cause. Praise will go into a small compass, because nobody questions the propriety of it. Instead of being astonished, that more is not done with a pantomime at this house, people ought to wonder how so much is done. Messrs. Gibson, Brown, Sanders, and King, here hold their funny club every night, and, responsive to their call, heads roll, mouths widen, and sides shake. They knock one another down until we wonder they are not knocked up. They make all kinds of queer figures, and then dot and carry one another in a most extraordinary manner. In short, bent on foolery, they fool each other to the top of their bent—until "those" (if such there be).

Who go their foes, return their friends.

Any person in want of a hearty laugh may hear of something to his advantage, by applying at the Adelphi, during the performance of the pantomime. We must notice with particular commendation a pas seul by a Miss Rose, in the character of a broom girl. She is very young, but so much the better. If pantomimes survive for a few years longer, *here* is the best promise of a Columbine we ever remember. Her dancing is graceful, neat and spirited.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Mr. Liston resumed his duties on Monday night, after his late severe indisposition. We are sorry to observe, that he is still weak from its effects, but hope that his health and strength will shortly be thoroughly restored, and join the public voice, in wishing a happy new year to one who has so often evinced his power to "drive dull care" from others.

MISCELLANEA.

Optics.—We have received from Dublin an account of some very curious optical discoveries made by Professor Hamilton, which, however, we think it better to withhold, while the experiments for their verification are in progress.

Discovery in the Pacific.—A Captain Covel, commander of an American merchantship, lately arrived in the United States, mentions that, in latitude 4° 30' N., longitude 168° 40', he discovered a group of fourteen islands, not laid down on any chart. They were all inhabited, and the natives spoke the Spanish language.

Sheathing for Ships' Bottoms.—A new metallic sheathing, the invention of Baron Wetterstedt, has recently been made for covering ships' bottoms, which, according to the judgment of the editor of the *Nautical Magazine*, possesses many practical advantages over copper. This new compound is described as highly tenacious and elastic, and is said to possess the peculiar and advantageous power of adapting itself to surface, so much so, that, by a violent strain or blow, it readily yields to the force of the percussion. This power of adapting itself to any form of surface, will not only be found advantageous on first sheathing the vessel, but will also prevent the evil effects of any subsequent strain or blow, and even tend much to preserve her from external injury. The price is considerably less than that of ordinary copper sheathing, whilst it is found to be far more durable.

East Florida.—An exploring party has lately found in the prairies near the river Sineba, large quantities of wild white grapes, of excellent flavour and large size—as well as a species of indigenous cotton.—*U.S. Paper.*

Napoleonism.—If the letters forming the word *napo* be struck out of the words *Revolution Française*, the remaining letters will constitute a very singular coincidence, for they will form, with proper ingenuity of location, the words, "*Un corse la finira.*" The names of the male crowned heads of the extinct Napoleon dynasty, likewise form a remarkable acoustic.

Napoleon ... Emperor of the French.
Joseph ... King of Spain.
Hieronymus ... King of Westphalia.
Louis ... King of Naples.
Louis ... King of Holland.

And a dissection of the compound Greek word "Napoleon," gives the following singular result:

Napoleon ... The Lion of the Wood,
apoleon ... The Destroyer
oleon ... of Cities;
oleon ... The Desolating
leon ... Lion
eon ... now existent. (MDCCCXIII).

Election Wit.—At the late Philadelphic election, a voter was challenged for not being "naturalized."—"A pretty objection to a true Yankee," he replied; "but are you naturalized yourself?"—"Yes, sir."—"Well you are not civilized by a considerable majority, I reckon."

Miseries of Wealth.—It is to have a subscription-paper handed you every hour, and to be called a niggard if you once refuse your name.—It is to have every college, infirmary, and asylum make a run upon the bank of your benevolence, and then rail at the smallness of the dividend.—It is to pay the tailor for all his bad customers, and compensate the tradesman for what he loses by knavery or extravagance.—It is either to be married for money, or to have a wife always casting up the sum total of the fortune she brought.—It is to be invited to drink poor wine, that you may give better in return.—It is to have greater temptations than others in this world; and to find the entrance to a better more difficult than to the rest of mankind.—*The Mother's Story Book.*

EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

On a Statue of Niobe.

How wondrous here the sculptor's art is shown!
Chang'd by the gods when living, into stone,
Praxiteles, as with the gods at strife,
Has from the stone transform'd me into life.

An Unfortunate Husband.

Than the home where I dwell
None can be more evil;
My house is a hell,
And my wife is the devil.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th.	27	45	30	30.00	S.
Fr.	28	40	33	Stat.	S.W. to S.
Sat.	29	42	33	29.50	S.E.
Sun.	30	43	33	29.88	N.E.
Mon.	31	42	33	29.72	S.W.
Tues.	1	44	35	30.37	S.W.
Wed.	2	44	40	30.65	S.W.

Prevailing Cloud.—Cirrostratus.
Nights and mornings for the greater part fair. Snow early on Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 37.5°; greatest variation, 15°.
Day increased on Wednesday, 10 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Questions, Critical, Philological, and Exegetical, formed on the Annotations to Dr. Bloomfield's Edition of the Greek Testament.

A new edition of Burney's History of Music, with a continuation to the present time, by Charles Cowden Clarke.

Just published.—Library of Romance, Vol. I. 6s.—Twenty-four Years in the Rifle Brigade, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Calvin and the Swiss Reformation, by the Rev. F. Scott, f. 8vo. 6d.—Scenes in North Wales, with 36 Engravings, 4s. 6d.—Annual Biography and Obituary, 1832, 8vo. 15s.—Causes of the French Revolution, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Auldjo's Sketches of Vesuvius, 8vo. 9s.—Georgian Era, Vol. II. 10s. 6d.—My Village versus Our Village, 18mo. 8s.—Rev. T. Sinclair's Dissertation Vindicating the Church, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Rev. H. Scolding's Sermons, 12mo. 6d.—Recollections of a Chaplain, edited by Lady Dacre, 3 vols. 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to the Watering Places of Great Britain, 200 engravings, by Bonner, 18mo. 12s. 6d.—Domestic Portraiture, Mems. of the Richmond Family, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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Council Room, Dec. 21, 1832.

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